CANADIAN SOLDIERS' SONG BOOK

GALAHAD . . . . . CRIED: "IF I LOSE MYSELF, I SAVE MYSELF!"
Tennyson, The Holy Grail.

Edu.
Mus
2904 A

THE CANADIAN SOLDIERS' SONG BOOK

This edition of the Soldiers' Song Book is donated to the Y.M.C.A. by Mr. and Mrs. William Southam, of Hamilton, Ontario, in memory of their son, Gordon Hamilton Southam, officer commanding the 40th battery, C.F.A., 3rd division, who was killed at the Battle of the Somme, Oct. 15th, 1916.

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The Canadian Soldiers' Song Book

PART 1.—NATIONAL SONGS

1—GOD SAVE THE KING

God save our gracious King
Long live our noble King,
God save the King!
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the King!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign.
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice
God save the King!

2—RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain,
Rule Britannia! Britannia rules the waves,
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

3—O CANADA

O Canada! Our home and native land,
True patriot-love in all thy sons command
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.
O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee.

4—THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER

In days of yore, from Britain's shore, Wolfe the dauntless hero came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag on Canada's fair domain,
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, and joined in love together
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine, the Maple Leaf forever.

Chorus:

The Maple Leaf our emblem dear, the Maple Leaf forever,
God save our King and Heaven bless the Maple Leaf forever.

5—LA MARSEILLAISE

Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding
With wailing hosts a ruffian band
Affright and desolate the land
While peace and liberty lie bleeding.

Chorus:

To arms to arms ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on
All hearts resolved
On victory or death.

With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded
To mete and vend the light and air
To mete and vend the light and air
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?
To arms, etc.

6—THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave us proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

(Chorus: Repeat last two lines.)

On the shore dimly see thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In glory reflected now shines in the stream;
'Tis the star-spangled banner—O, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

(Chorus: Repeat last two lines.)

And where is that bard who so vauntingly swore
'Mid the havoc of war and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country they'd leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' polution
No refuge could save the hireling and slave.
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

(Chorus: Repeat last two lines.)

Oh thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heaven rescued land
Praise the power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto " In God is our trust! "
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

(Chorus: Repeat last two lines.)

7—ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN

All onward, all onward.
The tombs are all open, come forth our departed,
Our soldiers arise and our hearts be united,
With swords in hand, and our face towards the foe,
The fame and the name Italia will glow.
All onward, yes onward, advance gallant warriors
Unfurl to the winds banners so glorious,
Arise with your sabres, down with our enemies,
Arise in your glory, Italians arise
Depart from our borders, depart from our shore
Depart all ye strangers, return never more.

Our home-land so famous for poetry and singing,
Return to the days when the sabres were ringing,
Our hands that are bound with fetters so sore,
When loosened will brandish our swords once more
No fetters nor thongs will Italy endure from the strangers
Who wantonly came to our shore.
No longer will Italy be bound by the tyrants who for many long years they have kept us their slaves.
Depart from our borders, depart from our shore,
Depart all ye strangers, return never more.

8—BELGIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM

O Belgium, Oh our loved home
To thee our hearts, to thee our arms,
To thee our lives, oh motherland,
Shall we give that thou mayest live.
Thou shalt live grand and beautiful
And thy unconquered unity
Shall forever live in immortality,
For King, for law, for liberty.

9—ANGLO-AMERICAN ANTHEM

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King.
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save our King.

My country 'tis of thee
Sweet land of liberty,
    Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
    Let freedom ring.

Two Empires by the sea,
Two peoples great and free,
    One anthem raise.
One race of ancient fame,
One tongue, one faith we claim,
One God whose glorious Name
    We love and praise.

PART II.—REVUE SONGS

10—HELLO MY DEARIE

Hello my dearie, I'm lonesome for you,
I want you near me, Oh honest I do;
Come over, I'm all alone
That's why I called you by phone;
Loving like this is some people admire,
But cuddles and kisses you can't send by wire;
I have the blues, don't refuse, or you'll lose me,
On honey hurry, or I shall worry,
I love you so, goodbye.

11—I SHALL SEE YOU TO-NIGHT (The Angelus)

I shall see you to-night, dear,
In my beautiful dreamland,
And your eyes will be bright, dear,
With the lovelight that gleams for me,
To my heart I will press you,
I will kiss and caress you,
So good-bye and God bless you
I shall see you to-night.

12—EVERY LITTLE WHILE

Every little while I feel so lonely,
Every little while I feel so blue.
I'm always dreaming, I'm always scheming
Because I want you and only you.
Every little while my heart is aching.
Every little while I miss your smile,
And all the time I seem to miss you;
I want to, want to kiss you
Every, every, every little while.

13—LET THE GREAT BIG WORLD KEEP TURNING

Let the great big world keep turning,
Never mind if I've got you,
For I only know that I want you so
And there's no one else will do.
You have simply set me yearning
And for ever I'll be true.
Let the great big world keep on turning round
Now I've found some-one like you.

14—A BACHELOR GAY (The Maid of the Mountains)

At seventeen he falls in love quite madly
With eyes of tender blue,
At twenty-four he gets it rather badly
With eyes of a diff'rent hue,
At thirty-five you'll see him flirting sadly
With two or three, or more,
When he fancies he is past love,
It is then he meets his last love,
And he loves her as he's never lov'd before.

15—HAVE A HEART (The Boy)

Have a heart
You have me on a string because you know I love you.
Have a heart
I'd do most anything that you would ask me to do.
All day I'm scheming,
All night I'm dreaming,
All for you my love is beaming,
Have a heart, and love me just a bit because I can't stop loving you.

16—CAN'T YOU SEE I MEAN YOU (Theodore & Co.)

All that I want is somebody to love me
And to love me well
Very well
Morning and night to be ready and willing
Of that love to tell
Very well
Holding my hand as in fancy we wander
Through this great big world for two.
All that I want is somebody to love me,
Can't you see I mean you.

17—LUANA LOU (Zig-Zag)

Luana Lou, you're my Honolulu,
Luana Lou, I love no one but you,
You have those wonderful eyes,
Just like those wonderful skies,
In my heart I've learned to miss you, yearned to kiss you,
I hear again that haunting strain,
I remember all the things you said to me,
Every ember burns in my memory,
Can't you see I want you, Luana Lou ?

18—BEWARE OF CHU CHIN CHOW (Zig-Zag)

Beware of Chu Chin Chow,
Take care, he's coming now.
He's a robber from the Orient,
And he's fill'd with Chinese sentiment.
At night when lights are low
He wanders to and fro,
He's the master of his art,
He can steal a girlie's heart;
Love he'll plunder, he's a wonder,
Chu Chin Chow.

19—SOME SORT OF SOMEBODY (Vanity Fair)

Some of the time,
You think you love a brunette,
Some of the time
You love a blonde.
And sometimes they're short,
Or they may be tall—
They may pass by, and sometimes they fall.
But you love some sort of somebody all of the time.

20—WONDERFUL GIRL, WONDERFUL BOY, WONDERFUL TIME (Houp-La)

When a wonderful girl meets a wonderful boy,
There's going to be some wonderful time,
Wonderful squeezing and wonderful sighs,
Wonderful glances from wonderful eyes,
In the shade of the trees, they will cuddle and tease,
So long as two hearts beat in rhyme.
Then they both sit close to one another
Telling tales they wouldn't tell to Mother,
When a wonderful girl meets a wonderful boy
There's going to be some wonderful time.

21—WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT ? (Yes, Uncle)

Really, you'd hardly believe it,
Still you must take it or leave it,
I'm learning to sing at a College at Kew,
I'm taught by a lady from twelve until two,
So that's where you get to—
And very nice, too!
Really? Yes! Would you believe it?

22—THINK OF ME (Yes, Uncle)

Think of me when the band is playing,
And you hear them saying, " There they go,"
Think of me when the drums are beating,
And you hear them greeting every boy they know.
Think of me when you hear them sighing,
And the flags are flying in the blue.
Say you'll always think of me,
'Cos I'm always thinking of you.

23—DIDN'T KNOW THE WAY TO (Arlette)

I only knew you look'd divine,
I only long'd to call you mine;
But I didn't know the way to.
No, you didn't know the way to.
And I didn't like to tell you!
Won't you tell me now ?
I thought of lovin' things to say,
I long'd to show my lovin' way,
But I didn't know the way to,
Didn't know the way to love you.
Didn't know the way to love me ?
Till you show'd me how.

24—HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN ? (Bubbly)

Have you forgotten,
How we used to play together,
When we were children
In the bright and sunny weather ?
You have forgotten
All the things we used to do, dear—
Have you forgotten me ?
I've never forgotten you!

25—LITTLE MISS MELODY (The Boy)

Little Miss Melody,
Wandering fancy free,
Over the meadows and hills and dales,
Sweet was her voice as the nightingale's,
Fair as a maid could be, never a care had she,
Life all day long was laughter and song
To little Miss Melody.

26—LOVE WILL FIND A WAY (The Maid of the Mountains)

What e'er befall
I still recall that sunlit mountain side,
Where hearts are true, and skies are blue,
And Love's the only guide!
If faithful to my trust I stay,
No fate can fill me with dismay!
Love holds the key to set me free,
And Love will find a way!

27—WHERE DID THAT ONE GO? ("Cheep")

Where did that one go to, 'Erbert?
Where did that one go?
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Say, old chummie, that was rummy!
'Erb, 'Erb, 'Erb, 'Erb,
Tell me if you know,
Who the—what the—how the—why the—
Where did that one go?

28—FOR ME AND MY GAL (Here and There)

The bells are ringing for me and my gal,
The birds are singing, for me and my gal,
Ev'rybody's been knowing,
To a wedding they're going,
And for weeks they've been sewing,
Ev'ry Susie and Sal,
They're congregating for me and my gal,
The Parson's waiting for me and my gal,
And sometime, I'm goin' to build a little home for two,
For three or four, or more;
In Loveland, for me and my gal.

29—THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE DAYS
(Theodore & Co.)

Three hundred and sixty-five days
All go to make a year,
Three hundred and sixty-five days
In which to call her dear.
But always remember from January to December
The girl that you worship and praise,
Allow me to tell you, she's able to sell you
Three hundred and sixty-five days.

30—FANCY YOU FANCYING ME!

Fancy you fancying me!
I can't tell what you can see,
For it seems like dreams, not reality,
That you should like my personality,
I can't quite figure it out,
I can't tell why it should be.
I can fancy anybody fancying you,
But fancy you fancying me!

31—DOWN TEXAS WAY

Down Texas way, there's a little cabin Texas way,
Where they'll be so glad, yes, so glad to see me,
Night and day I can see their happy faces, gay—
And hear a sweet voice say 'come, wander
To a beauty—little cutey little place out yonder.
Let me play 'mong the clover and the new-mown hay
And once again round dear old mammy's knee I'd love to kneel and pray—
God bless Mother, God bless Dad,
Make them happy—make them glad,
I'm in heaven down old Texas way.

32—THAT DEAR OLD HOME OF MINE

Dear old home of mine.
I love that simple country town.
I seem to hear the old place calling—
Calling just come right down to where the birds sing all day long,
And where the sun will always shine,
I love the waving corn where I was born,
I love that dear old home of mine.

33—SOMEDAY I'LL MAKE YOU LOVE ME

Someday I'll make you love me,
Someday you'll call me dear,
You'll feel so lonely, you'll need me only,
Someday I know you'll want me near,
I know you can't forget me,
I know for me you'll sigh;
I'll make you miss me,
I'll make you kiss me,
You'll want me bye and bye.

34—I LIKE THE PLACE WHERE THE PEACHES GROW
(Houp-La!)

York girls are pretty, And in London they're nice;
But when you meet one in Paris, You have to think hard twice.
Way down—in Monte Carlo, They're your only safe bet;
But I like the place where the peaches grow,
'Cause I haven't found a lemon yet.

The Canadian Soldiers' Song Book

PART III.—PARODIES

35—KEEP THE HUNS RETIRING

Tune—Keep The Home Fires Burning

Keep the Huns retiring!
Keep our guns firing!
Keep our airships flying!
Till the Bosche are done!
Keep our bayonets flashing!
Keep our boys a-dashing!
Turn the Germans inside out,
And we'll all go home.

36—MY TUNIC IS OUT AT THE ELBOWS

Tune—My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

My tunic is out at the elbows,
My trousers are out at the knee,
My puttees are ragged and frazzled
But the Q.M. says nothing for me.

My Tummy knocks hard on my backbone,
My dial is thin as can be;
Still all we get handed at mealtimes,
Is bully and Machonochie.

37—I WONDER WHY I WORK AND SIGH THE WAY I DO

Tune—Broken Doll

I wonder why I work and sigh the way I do.
Is it because I'm in this blinkin' army too ?
I used to think a soldier's life was simply grand;
But now I've changed my mind because I understand.

Chorus:—

In London Town a soldier's life is grand,
He winks at all the girlies in the Strand,
But not so in Flanders, it's not the same,
You work around from morn till night
And then start in again.
If ever I get through this war alive,
You bet your little life I'll happy be;
If a new war starts some day,
I'll be going the other way,
Or else I'll join the A.S.C.

38—SURE A LITTLE BIT OF SHRAPNEL

Tune—A Little Bit of Heaven

Sure a little bit of shrapnel fell from out the sky one day,
And it nestled in my shoulder in a kind and loving way,
And when the M.O. saw it,
Sure it looked so sweet and fair,
He said " You're off to Blighty,
They will fix you up back there."
So he sprinkled it with iodine, to keep the germs away,
It's the only way to stop them no matter what you say,
But before I left the C.C.S. he changed his fickle mind,
And he marked me down for duty and he sent me up the line.

39—TAKE ME BACK TO DEAR OLD CANADA

Tune—Cheers

Take me back to dear old Canada,
Put me on the boat for old St. John,
Take me over there, drop me anywhere,
Toronto, Hull or Montreal, well I don't care.
I should love to see my best girl,
Cuddling up again we soon should be, Whoa,
Tiddley, iddley, ighty, I'd sooner be there than Blighty,
Canada is the place for me.

40—REBECCA FROM SUNNYBROOK FARM

When you're going to the farm, with your rifle on your arm
Take it from me, you'd better watch old Fritz or he
Will send a whiz-bang there, stealing softly through the air,
The memory haunts you, the lobster wants you,
Keep away from Zillebeke, dear old Zillebeke, away from Zillebeke Farm.

41—SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE

Dear Fritz, who hands the blighties out so free,
Please save a nice sweet cushy one for me,
One that will strike me just below the knee,
Six months in blighty, oh how sweet t'would be.

Chorus;—

Give me that shell with pellets nice and round,
Scatter them all but one upon the ground,
Give me that one but let it come a mile
And I will give you the sunshine of my smile.

42—ROAMING IN THE GLOAMING

Roaming in the trenches, Ross Rifle by my side,
Roaming in the trenches couldn't fire if I tried,
It's worse than all the rest, the Lee Enfield I like best,
I'd like to lose it roaming in the trenches.

PART IV.—SOLOS

43—WHEN YOU COME HOME

When we go home, dear. when we go home,
No more to leave you, no more to roam,
God will remember! God will provide!
When we go home at eventide,
God will remember! God will provide!

44—UNTIL

No rose in all the world, until you came,
No star until you smiled upon life's sea,
No song in all the world, until you spoke,
No hope until you gave your heart to me.

O rose, bloom ever in my lonely heart,
O star, shine steadfast with your light divine,
Ring on, O song, your melody of joy,
Life's crowned at last,
And love, and love is ever mine.

45—A PERFECT DAY

When you come to the end of a perfect day,
And you sit alone with your thought,
While the chimes ring out with a carol gay
For the joy that the day has brought,
Do you think what the end of a perfect day
Can mean to a tired heart,
When the sun goes down with a flaming ray,
And the dear friends have to part ?

Well, this is the end of a perfect day,
Near the end of a journey too,
But it leaves a thought that is big and strong,
With a wish that is kind and true.
For memory has painted this perfect day
With colors that never fade,
And we find at the end of a perfect day
The soul of a friend we've made.

46—IN THE GARDEN OF MY HEART

We never miss the sunshine, until the shadows fall.
We ne'er regret the bitter words, till passed beyond recall,
We never miss the laughter until the eyes are wet,
We never miss the happiness, till love's bright sun has set.

We never miss the singing, until the birds have flown,
We never miss the blossoms, until the spring has gone,
We never miss our joyousness, till sorrow bids us wake.
We never know we have a heart, till it begins to break.

Dear love, bring back the sunshine, My bitter words forget,
Bring back the old time happiness, my eyes with tears are wet,
Bring back the birds, soft singing, Dear love why should we part ?
Bid springtime blossoms bloom again, In the garden of my heart.

47—GOOD-BYE

Falling leaf, and fading tree,
Lines of white in a sullen sea,
Shadows rising on you and me,
Shadows rising on you and me.
The swallows are making them ready to fly,
Wheeling out on a windy sky.
Good-bye, Summer! Good-bye, Good-bye! Good-bye, Summer Good-bye, Good-bye!

Hush! a voice from the far-a-way!
Listen and learn, it seems to say,
All the to-morrows shall be as to-day,
All the to-morrows shall be as to-day.
The cord is frayed—the cruse is dry,
The link must break, and the lamp must die.
Good-bye to Hope! Good-bye, Good-bye!
Good-bye to Hope! Good-bye, Good-bye!

What are we waiting for ? Oh, my heart!
Kiss me straight on the brow!
And part! Again! Again! my heart!
What are we waiting for, you and I ?
A pleading look—a stifled cry
Good-bye, for ever! good-bye for ever!
Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!

48—FRIEND O' MINE

When you are happy, friend o' mine,
And all your skies are blue,
Tell me your luck, your fortune fine,
And let me laugh with you.
Tell me the hopes that spur you on,
The deeds you mean to do,
The gold you've struck, the fame you've won,
And let me joy—with you!

When you are sad and heart a-cold,
And all your skies are dark,
Tell me the dreams that mocked your hold,
The shafts that missed the mark.
Am I not yours for weal or woe ?
How else can friends prove true?
Tell me what breaks and brings you low,
And let me stand—with you!

So, when the night falls tremulous,
When the last lamp burns low,
And one of us or both of us
The long, lone road must go,—
Look with your dear old eyes in mine,
Give me a handshake true
Whatever fate our soul await
Let me be there—with you!

49—SOMEWHERE A VOICE IS CALLING

Dusk, and the shadows falling, O'er land and sea
Somewhere a voice is calling, Calling for me!
Dusk, and the shadows falling, O'er land and sea,
Somewhere a voice is calling, Calling for me.

Night, and the stars are gleaming, Tender and true
Dearest, my heart is dreaming, Dreaming of you!
Night, and the stars are gleaming, Tender and true
Dearest, my heart is dreaming, Dreaming of you.

50—ROSES OF PICARDY

She is watching by the poplars, Colinette with the sea-blue eyes,
She is watching and longing and waiting, Where the long white road-way lies,
And a song stirs in the silence, As the wind in the boughs above,
She listen and starts and trembles, 'Tis the first little song of love—

Chorus;—

Roses are shining in Picardy,
In the hush of the silver dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you!
And the roses will die with the summer-time
And our roads may be far apart,
But there's one rose that dies not in Picardy,
'Tis the rose that I keep in my heart!

And the years fly on for ever, Till the shadows veil their skies,
But he loves to hold her little hands, And look in her sea-blue eyes.
And she sees the road by the poplars, Where they met in the by-gone years,
For the first little song of the roses, Is the last little song she hears;—
Chorus—

51—ASLEEP IN THE DEEP

Loudly the bell in the old tower rings,
Bidding us list to the warning it brings,
Sailor, take care! Sailor take care!
Danger is near thee, Beware, Beware, Beware, Beware!
Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep, So beware: beware:
Many brave hearts are asleep in the deep,
So beware, beware!

52—FOR YOU ALONE

Take thou this rose, this little tender rose,
The rarest flow'r in all God's garden fair,
And let it be while yet its crimson glows
An emblem of love—I proudly, proudly bear.

Take thou this heart—the heart that loves thee well—
And let it flame before thy shrine, my own,
Take thou my heart, for Oh, your dear eyes tell
God fashioned it for you, for you alone.

53—GOD SEND YOU BACK TO ME

God send you back to me,
Over the mighty sea
Dearest, I want you near.
God dwells above you
Knows how I love you,
He will bring you back to me.

54—LADDIE IN KHAKI

Laddie in Khaki, I'm waiting for you!
I want you to know that my heart beats true
I'm longing and praying, And living for you,
So come back little Laddie in Khaki!

55—MY HEART IS CALLING YOU

My heart is calling you, Calling with love so true,
My dreams the whole night through, Are all of you ,
My arms are waiting, dear, Waiting to press you near,
Near to the heart that is calling for love and you.

56—THE ROSARY

The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me,
I count them over, ev'ry one apart,
My rosary, my rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a pray'r
To still a heart in absence wrung,
I tell each bead unto the end,
And there a cross is hung.

O memories that bless and burn,
O barren gain and bitter loss,
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross, Sweet-heart,
To kiss the cross.

57—JUST A-WEARYIN' FOR YOU

Mornin' comes, the birds awake,
Used to sing so for your sake,
But there's sadness in the notes
That come trillin' from their throats
Seem to feel your absence, too,
Just a-wearyin' for you.

58—IF I MIGHT COME TO YOU

If I might only come to you, from all the world apart,
If I might only lay my dreams before your tender heart,
I wonder would you pity me, Or would you bid me go ?
If I should dare to ask your love, because I love you so!

If I might only kneel to you, With all my love confest,
If I might only lay my head upon your loving breast,
If you would only comfort me, And bid my fears have rest,
If I might only stay with you—Then would my life be blest

59—ROSE IN THE BUD

Rose in the bud,
The June air's warm and tender,
Why do you shrink, your petals to display ?
Are you afraid to bloom in crimson splendour
Lest someone come and steal your heart away ?

Rose in the bud,
The evening sun is sinking,
Wait not too long and trifle not with fate,
Life is so short and love is all, I'm thinking,
Love comes but once, and then, perhaps, too late.

60—THE FLORAL DANCE

As I walked home on a Summer night,
When stars in Heav'n were shining bright,
Far away from the foot-lights glare,
Into the sweet and scented air—Of a quaint old Cornish town.

Borne from afar on the gentle breeze,
Joining the murmur of summer seas,
Distant tones of an old world dance
Played by the village band perchance—On the calm air came floating down.

I thought I could hear the curious tone
of the cornet, clarinet and big trom-bone,
Fiddle, 'cello, big bass drum
Bassoon, flute and euphonium—Far away, as in a trance;
I heard the sound of the Floral dance.

And soon I heard such a bustling and prancing,
And then I saw the whole village was dancing,—
In and out of the houses they came,
Old folk, young folk, all the same,—In that quaint old Cornish town.

Ev'ry boy took a girl round the waist,
And hurried her off in tremendous haste
Whether they knew one another I care not,
Whether they cared at all, I know not—But they kissed as they danced along.

And there was the band with that curious tone,
Of the cornet, clarinet and big trom-bone
Fiddle, 'cello, big bass drum
Bassoon, flute and euphonium,
Each one making the most of his chance—All together in the Floral dance.

I felt so lonely standing there, and I could only stand and stare,
For I had no maid with me, Lonely I should have to be
In that quaint old Cornish town.

When suddenly hast'ning down the lane,
A figure I knew, I saw quite plain
With out-stretched hands I rushed along,
And carried her into that merry throng,
And fiddle and all went dancing down.

We danced to the band with that curious tone,
Of the cornet, clarinet and big trom-bone,
Fiddle 'cello, big bass drum,
Bassoon, flute and euphonium,
Each one making the most of his chance,
Altogether in the Floral dance.
Dancing here, prancing there,
Jigging, jogging ev'ry where,
Up and down, and round the town, Hur-rah for the Cornish Floral dance.

61—UP FROM SOMERSET

For we'm come up from Somerset,
Where the cider apples grow,
For we're all King's men in Somerset,
As we were long, long ago.
An' when you're wanting soger boys,
An' there's fighting for to do,
You just send word to Somerset
An' we'll all be up for you!

62—THE COBBLER'S SONG (Chu Chin Chow)

I sit and cobble at slippers and shoon,
From the rise of sun to the set of moon;
Cobble and cobble as best I may,
Cobble all night and cobble all day,
And I sing as I cobble this doleful lay;—

The stouter I cobble the less I earn,
For the soles ne'er crack nor the uppers turn,
The better my work the less my pay,
But the work can only be done one way.

And as I cobble with needle and thread,
I judge the world by the way they tread;
Heels worn thick and soles worn thin,
Toes turned out and toes turned in
There's food for thought in sandal skin,
For prince and commoner, poor and rich,
Stand in need of the cobbler's stitch.
Why then worry what lies before,
Hangs this life by a thread no more.

I sit and cobble at slippers and shoon,
From the rise of sun to the set of moon;
Cobble and cobble as best I may,
Cobble all night and cobble all day,
And I sing as I cobble this doleful lay.

63—MIGHTY LIKE A ROSE:

Sweetest li'l' feller,
Ev'ry-body knows;
Dun-no what to call 'im,
But he mighty lak' a rose!
Lookin' at his Mammy
Wid eyes so shiny blue,
Mek' you think that heav'n
Is comin' clost ter you!

When he's dare a sleeping in his li'l' place,
Think I see de Angels lookin through de lace
When de dark is fallin, when de shadows creep
Then they come on tiptoe to kiss him in his sleep.
Chorus—Repeat 1st eight lines).

64—THE SUNSHINE OF YOUR SMILE

Give me your smile, The love-light in your eyes
Life could not hold a fairer Paradise!
Give me the right To love you all the while,
My world for ever, The sunshine of your smile!

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PART V.—MISCELLANEOUS

65—ALL NIGHT LONG (Keep Smiling)

All night long I am a-dreaming,
Dreaming of my honey boy.
All night long the love-light's beaming
Longing just to see my pride and joy,
When I hear that he's returning
My poor heart will then grow strong,
Then I know I'll cease my yearning
All night long—All night long—All night long.

66—MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along On Moonlight Bay,
We could hear the voices ringing,
They seem to say, " You have stolen her heart
Now don't go way," As we sang Love's Old
Sweet Song,
On Moonlight Bay.

67—R-r-r-RIP THAT MELODY:

R-r-r-rip that melody up and down, Up and down the scale
Altogether we'll share it, I dont care if you tear it!
R-r-r-rip that melody up and down,whistle it thro' with me.
Up-sey-sai-sy, let's go crazy, R-r-r-rip that melody:

68—TAFFY'S GOT HIS JENNIE IN GLAMORGAN

Taffy's got his Jennie in Glamorgan,
Sandy's got his Maggie in Dundee,
While Michael O'Leary thinks of his dearie,
Far across the Irish Sea.
Billy's got his Lily up in London,
So the boys march on with smiles,
For ev'ry Tommy's got a girl somewhere
In the dear old British Isles.

69—WHEN I LEAVE THE WORLD BEHIND

I'll leave the sunshine to the flowers,
I'll leave the springtime to the trees,
And to the old folks I'll leave the mem'ries
Of a baby upon their knees.
I'll leave the night-time to the dreamers
I'll leave the song-birds to the blind
I'll leave the moon above to those in love,
When I leave the world behind,
When I leave the world behind.

70—SING, SING! WHY SHOULDN'T WE SING?

Sing, sing, why shouldn't we sing?
Tho' days are dreary, let us be cheery,
Sing, sing! let melody flow,
For are the "Home Fires" out yet?
No, No, No, Sing, sing! why shouldn't we sing?
For there's one thing we never should forget;
Old John Bull is still alive and kicking
And we have'nt pull'd the blinds down yet:

71—UNDERNEATH THE STARS

In the garden crimson poppies are sleeping,
Thro' the grape-vines fairy spirits are peeping
Dearest, come, 'tis time our tryst we are keeping,
Underneath the stars, my love.

72—GOOD-BYE-EE!

Good-bye-ee good-bye-ee! Wipe the tear, baby dear, from your eye-ee,
Tho' it's hard to part I know, I'll be tickled to death to go,
Dont cry-ee don't sigh-ee! There's a silver lining in the sky-ee,
Bon-soir, old thing! cheerio! chin-chin! Nah-poo! Too-dle-oo
Good-bye-ee! good-bye-ee.

73—WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

"Where do we go from here, boys, Where do we go from here?
Any where from Leicester Square, as far as Greenwich pier."
When Pat would spy a pretty girl, he'd whisper in her ear,
"Oh, Joy! Oh, Boy! Where do we go from here?

74—OVER THERE

Over there, over there, Send the word, send the word over there,
That the Yanks are coming, the Yanks are coming, The drums
rum-tum-ming ev'ry where.
So prepare, say a pray'r, Send the word, send the word to be-
ware,
We'll be over, we're coming over, And we won't come back till
its over, over there, over there.

75—THERE'S A GIRL FOR EVERY SOLDIER

There's a girl for every soldier, There's a girl for ev'ry soldier
boy.
Oh! Tommy, the civvies envy you, They dont know how you
find 'em,
But you do, do, do! There's a girl for every soldier, It's the
uniform that does it sure enough.
For when-ever you meet a little bit of khaki, you're sure to
find a little bit of fluff.

76—SWING ME IN THE MOONLIGHT

Swing me in the moonlight, In the moonlight, to-night
Swing high! swing low! Swing me over the apple tree, Joe.
Don't stop for a spoon, dear, There's a bright light over-head
I'll pay you Joe the kisses I owe, When the moon has gone to bed.

77—IF I COULD TURN THE CLOCK BACK A YEAR

If I could turn the clock back just one year,
If angry words might be forgotten too
Whether sleeping or waking, my heart is aching,
I can think of nothing in all the world but you
I miss those nights of gladness, days of joy,
And all those blissful moments ever dear
I dream of you— and sunny flow'rs,
And all the love that might be ours,
If I could turn the clock back only just one year.

78—ONE HOUR OF LOVE WITH YOU (Hanky-Panky)

I'd give the sun-shine to gaze in your eyes,
I'd give the stars from the brightest of skies,
I'd give the song of the bird on the tree,
For that to me is love's melody.
I'd give the flow'rs from the fairest of bow'rs
If only you, dear, were true,
I'd give the joys of the whole wide world
For one hour of love with you.

79—YOU'LL ALWAYS BE THE SAME SWEET BABY

You're my precious little baby,
You are all the world to me (just listen)
And you'll understand me, maybe,
When I tell you true I'm the boy for you,
There's Oh! Oh! oceans of joy—for you!
When my arms are close about you
Life is fill'd with ecstacy
And though the time will come, some distant day,
When your face is wrinkled and your hair is grey,
You'll always be the same sweet baby to me.

80—THE MAGIC OF YOUR VOICE

Two loving souls with but a single thought;
  Two happy hearts that beat as one
Love comes our way, and all the world is naught;
  Then, only then we know our life's begun.
How can it be we once were strangers,
  How can it be we've liv'd apart?
O, for the joy of having found you!
  Joy that you've won my heart.

Chorus

Although we met but yesterday,
  To me it seems I've known you in some other world,
Some world—of happy dreams.
  'Twas not the language of your eyes that thrill'd me
    through,
It was the magic of your voice that drew my soul to you

Only a song of tides that ebb and flow;
  Only a song of mingled hopes and fears.
Sadly you sang, in accents soft and low;
  Sas were your eyes, while mine were fill'd with tears.
Then did we know the wondrous secret,
  Then did we know what life can give;
New life, a life that shall be deathless
  Now we have learn'd to live!

Chorus.

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PART VI.—ENGLISH SONGS

81—DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes, and I will pledge with mine,
Or leave a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine
The thirst that from the soul doth rise, doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of love's nectar sip, I would not change for thine.

82—JUANITA (A song of Spain)

Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon;
Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day—too soon;
In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks—yet tender—Speak their fond farewell!
Nita; Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should part.
Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my heart.

When in thy dreaming Moons like these shall shine again
And daylight beaming Prove thy dreams are vain;
Wilt thou not relenting For thine absent lover sigh,
In thy heart consenting—To a pray'r gone by ?
Nita! Juanita! Ask thy soul if we should part.
Nita! Juanita! Lean thou on my heart.

83—I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS
(The Bohemian Girl)

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of all who assembled within those walls, that I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count—could boast of a high ancestral name—
But I also dreamt, which pleas'd me most,
That you loved me still the same, That you loved me still the same.
That you loved me, you loved me still the same.

I dreamt that suitors sought my hand That knights, upon bended knee
And with vows no maiden heart could with-stand, They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host Came forth my hand to claim,
But I also dreamt, which charm'd me most
That you loved me still the same, That you loved me, you loved me still the same, That you loved me you loved me still the same.

84—JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay ?
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day ?
D'ye ken John Peel, when he's far far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning.

Chorus

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of the hounds which he oft times led,
Peel's view hol-loo would awaken the dead,
Or his fox from his lair in the morning.

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bell-man and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
Chorus.

Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.
Chorus

D'ye ken John Peel, with his coat so gay,
He lived at Trout-beck once on a day,
Now he has gone far far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.
Chorus.

85—THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME
(The Bohemian Girl)

When other lips and other hearts,
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts
The pow'r they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene,
Some recollection be,
Of days that have as happy been
And you'll remember me, And you'll remember, You'll remember me.

When coldness or deceit shall slight,
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light,
Which beams within your eyes,
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember, That you'll remember, You'll remember me.

PART VII.—IRISH AIRS

86—WHEN I DREAM OF OLD ERIN

When I dream of old Erin, I'm dreaming of you,
With your sweet, roguish smile and your true eyes of blue.
For my love, like the shamrock, each day stronger grew,
When I dream of old Erin, I'm dreaming of you.

87—KILLARNEY

By Killarney's lakes and fells,
Em'rald Isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders every-where,
Foot-prints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there.

Chorus

Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home Killarney—
Ever fair Killarney

88—MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish Rose,
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere,
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose,
My wild Irish Rose,
The dearest flower that blows
And some day, for my sake,
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

89—COME BACK TO ERIN

Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth,
Come with the shamrocks and spring-time Mavourneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure, when we lent ye to beautiful England,
Little we thought of the lone winter days,
Little we thought of the hush of the starshine
Over the mountain, the Bluffs and the Brays!

Chorus

Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back again to the land of thy birth
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

90—DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK

There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it,
And the sun on his labour with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog, through the brake and the mire-land,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland
The dear Little Shamrock, the sweet little Shamrock
The dear Little, sweet little Shamrock of Ireland.

91—WHERE THE RIVER SHANNON FLOWS

Where dear old Shannon's flowing,
Where the three-leaved Shamrock grows,
Where my heart is, I am going,
To my little Irish rose.
And the moment that I meet her,
With a hug and kiss I'll greet her,
For there's not a colleen sweeter,
Where the river Shannon flows.

92—A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN

Shure, a little bit of heaven fell from out the sky, one day,
And nestled on the ocean in a spot so far away,
And when the angels found it,
Shure it looked so sweet and fair,
They said, " Suppose we leave it, for it looks so peaceful there."
So they sprinkled it with star dust, just to make the shamrocks grow,
'Tis the only place you'll find them, no matter where you go.
Then they dotted it with silver to make its lakes so grand,
And when they had it finished, shure they called it Ireland.

93—THE MINSTREL BOY

The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
" Land of song!" said the warrior bard,
" Tho' all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

94—MOTHER MACHREE

Sure I love the dear silver that shines in your hair,
And the brow that's all furrowed, and wrinkled with care,
I kiss the dear fingers, so toil-worn for me,
Oh! God bless you and keep you, Mother Machree!

95—THE MOUNTAINS O' MOURNE

Oh, Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,
Wid the people here workin' by day and by night
They don't sow potaties, nor barley, nor wheat,
But there's gangs o' them diggin' for gold in the street—
At least, when I axed them, that's what I was told,
So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold,
But for all that I found there I might as well be
Where the Mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I believe that, when writin', a wish you expressed
As to how the fine ladies in London were dressed,
Well, if you'll believe me, when axed to a ball,
Faith, they don't wear a top to their dresses at all.
Oh, I've seen them meself, and you could not, in thrath,
Say if they were bound for a ball or a bath—
Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary Macree,
Where the Mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I seen England's King from the top of a 'bus—
I never knew him, though he means to know us
And though by the Saxon we once were oppressed,
Still, I cheered—God forgive me!—I cheered wid the rest
And now that he's visited Erin's green shore,
We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore,
When we've got all we want we're as quiet as can be
Where the Mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the Sea.

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin, of course—
Well, now, here he is here at the head o' the Force,
I met him to-day, I was crossing the Strand,
And he stopped the whole street wid wan wave of his hand
And there we stood talking of days that are gone,
While the whole population of London looked on
But for all these great powers he's wishful,
To be back where dark Mourne sweeps down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here—oh, never mind!
Wid beautiful shapes Nature never disigned,
And lovely complexions, all roses and crame,
But O'Loughlin remarked wid regard to them same;
" That if at those roses you venture to sip,
The colours might all come away on your lip."
So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me
Where the Mountains o' Mourne sweep down to the sea.

96—GALWAY BY THE SEA

For it's there, just there! in Galway by the sea,
It's there, just there! it's there I want to be
For it's only you, my darlin', only you can make me blest,
In the dear home in Galway, in the land I love the best.

97—BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS

Believe me if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fade in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away,
Thou would'st still be ador'd as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofan'd by a tear,
That the fervour and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear,
No, the heart that has truly lov'd, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

98—THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

'Tis the last rose of summer, Left blooming alone,
All her lovely companions, Are faded and gone
No flow'r of her kindred, No rose-bud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! to pine on the stem,
Since the lovely are sleeping, Go sleep thou with them
Thus kindly I scatter, Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden, Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow, When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle, The gems drop away
When true hearts lie wither'd, And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit This bleak world alone.

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PART VIII.—SCOTCH SONGS

99—ANNIE LAURIE

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie,
Gie'd me her promise true,
Gie'd me her promise true
Which ne'er forgot will be
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest,
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e
And for bonnie Annie Laurie—
I'd lay me doon and dee.

100—LOCH LOMOND

Oh! ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye
But me an' my true love will never meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

101—ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

Roamin' in the gloamin'
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde,
Roamin' in the gloamin'
Wae my lassie by my side;
When the sun has gone to rest,
That's the time that we love best,
O, it's lovely roamin' in the gloamin'.

102—A WEE DEOCH-AN'-DORIS

Just a wee deoch-an'-doris,
A wee drap, that's a'.
A wee deoch-an'doris,
Before we gang awa'.
There's a wee wifie waiting,
In a wee but-an' ben.
If ye can say " It's a braw, bricht, moonlicht nicht,"
Ye're a' richt, ye ken.

103—I LOVE A LASSIE

I love a lassie, a bonnie, bonnie lassie,
She's as pure as the lily in the dell,
She's as sweet as the heather,
The bonnie, bloomin' heather,
Mary, ma Scotch bluebell.

104—MY BONNIE LIES OVER THE OCEAN

My bonnie lies over the ocean,
My bonnie lies over the sea,
My bonnie lies over the ocean,
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

Chorus

Bring back, bring back, bring back my bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

105—COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye;
Gin a body kiss a body,
Need a body cry?

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane they say ha'e I
Yet a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

106—MARY OF ARGYLE

I have heard the mavis singing,
His love song to the morn;
I have seen the dewdrops clinging
To the rose just newly born;
But a sweeter song has cheered me,
At the ev'ning gentle close,
And I've seen an eye still brighter
Than the dewdrop on the rose;
'Twas they voice, my gentle Mary,
And thine artless winning smile,
That made this world an Eden,
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

Tho' thy voice may lose its sweetness,
And thine eye its brightness too
Tho' thy step may lose its fleetness,
And thy hair its sunny hue,
Still to me thou wilt be dearer
Than all the world shall own
I have loved thee for thy beauty
But not for that alone
I have watch'd thy heart, dear Mary,
And its goodness was the wile
That has made thee mine for ever
Bonnie Mary of Argyle.

107—SCOTS WHA HAE

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory;
Now's the day and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery.

108—MY AIN FOLK

Far frae my hame I wander; But still my thoughts return
To my ain folk ower yonder, In the sheilding by the burn,
I see the cosy ingle, And the mist abune the brae:
And joy and sadness mingle, As I list some auld warld lay.
And it's oh! but I'm longing for my ain folk, Tho' they be but lowly, puir, and plain folk:
I am far beyond the sea, But my heart will ever be
At hame in dear auld Scotland, wi' my ain folk!

O' their absent ane they're telling—The auld folk by the fire:
And I mark the swift tears welling, As the ruddy flame leaps high'r.
How the mither wad caress me, Were I but by her side:
Now she prays that Heav'n will bless me, tho' the stormy seas divide.
And its oh! but I'm longing for my ain folk, Tho' they be but lowly, puir, and plain folk:
I am far beyond the sea, But my heart will ever be
At hame in dear auld Scotland, wi' my ain folk!

A bonnie lass is greeting, Tho' she strives to stay the tears:
Ah! sweet will be our meeting After mony weary years.
Soon my fond arms shall enfold ye, As I ca' you ever mine—
Still abides the love I told ye In the days of auld lang syne.
And it's oh! but I'm longing for my ain folk, tho' they be but lowly, puir, and plain folk:
I am far across the sea, But soon I'll be At hame in dear auld Scotland wi' my ain folk!

109—" IT'S NICE WHEN YOU LOVE A WEE LASSIE."

It's nice when you love a wee lassie,
It's nice when the lassie is true;
Oh! it's nice when ye ken that yer bonnie wee hen
Is in love, and her lover is you.

110—THE WEDDIN' O' SANDY MACNAB

And the weddin' bells were ringin' all the boys were singin',
" Here's tae you and yours, and me and mine!"
Then we had a drappie, just tae make us happy,
For the days o' Auld Lang Syne.

111—BREAKFAST IN BED ON SUNDAY MORNING

Beautiful Sunday! I wish it would never come Monday!
For I lie between the sheets my bed—adorning
O, it's very nice! yes, it's very, very nice
To get yer breakfast in yer bed on Sunday morning.

112—IT'S NICE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING

O! it's nice to get up in the mornin' When the sun begins to shine,
At four or five or six o'clock in the good old summer-time;
When the snow is snowin', And it's murky over-head,
O! it's nice to get up in the mornin' But it's nicer to lie in bed.

113—MARY

Kind, kind and gentle is she, Kind is my Mary,
The tender blossom on the tree, Cannot compare wi' Mary,
Her brow is fair as winter's snow, Her cheek's wi' modest roses blow,
And dove-like glances sweetly flow, Frae oot the e'en o' Mary,
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she, Kind is my Mary,
The tender blossom on the tree, Cannot compare wi' Mary.

See yon proud and haughty lass, Her head wi' pride and folly toss'd
Ne'er look on her, but let her pass, Be sure it is not Mary,
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she, Kind is my Mary,
The tender blossom on the tree, Cannot compare wi' Mary.

But see ye one o' modest air, Be deck'd wi' beauty saft and rare,
That mak's your heart feel sweetly sair, O weel ye ken my Mary
Sae kind, kind and gentle is she, Kind is my Mary,
The tender blossom on the tree, Cannot compare wi' Mary.

114—THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING

The Campbells ar' comin,' O ho, O ho!
The Campbells ar' comin', O ho, O ho!
The Campbells are comin', to bonnie Loch-le-ven,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho!

115—I LOVE TO BE A SAILOR (Three Cheers)

I love to be a sailor, a sailor, a sailor,
I love to sail upon the ocean blue, yes, I do-oo-oo!
I love to be a sailor, a sailor, a sailor,
Sailing on the good ship Kangaroo.

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PART 9.—HAWAIIAN SONGS

116—HAWAIIAN BUTTERFLY

Beautiful Hu-lu down in dreamy hon-o-lu-lu
I am feeling so peculiar since I first met you
In a moonlit garden fair, Cupid ,he is warden there,
Just like the flowers you're true,
Waiting and dreaming in a garden of roses;
Sometime in the bright Hawaiian sunshine
Dear, I'm going to make you all mine,
And that is just why, Song-birds sing in tune to these words
When I come back some day, we'll fly away, Hawaiian Butterfly.

117—OH! HOW SHE COULD YACKI-WICKI-WOO

She had a Hu-la-hu-la-hick-i-boo-la-boo-la in her walk,
She has a U-ka-le-le-wick-i-wick-i-wail-i-in her talk,
And by the big Hawaiian moon,—Beneath a ban-yan tree we'd spoon.
I've been tryin' to learn " Hawaiian," Since that night in June.
She had a blinky, blinky little naughty winky in her eye
She had a " Come and kiss me, don't you dare to miss me," in her sigh.
Beneath the ban-yan parasol—She couldn't talk my talk at all
But, oh, how she could Yack-i-hack-i-wick-i-wack-i-woo,
That's love in Hon-o-lu.

118—YAAKA-HULA HICKEY DULA

I'm coming back to you my Hu-la Lou,
Beside the sea at Wai-ki-ki You'll play for me
And once again you'll sway my heart your way,
With your yaa-ka hu-la hickey du-la tune.

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PART X.—SOUTHERN MELODIES

119—MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folk roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, and happy and bright;
By'n by hard times come a knocking at the door
Then my old Kentucky home good night.

Chorus

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day,
We will sing one song for my old Kentucky home
For my old Kentucky home far away.

120—DOWN WHERE THE SWANEE RIVER FLOWS

Down where the Swanee river flows—I want to be there
Down where the cotton blossom grows—I want to see there
My little sister Flo, keepin' time with Uncle Joe
Singing a song and raggin' on his old banjo.
I see my dear old mother, Oh lordy, lordy, lordy how I love her;
When the birds are singin' in the wildwood,
My happy childhood comes back once more,—my heart is sore,
That's why I'm going' back where they care for me.
Every night they say a little prayer for me,
Down where the Swanee river flows.

121—IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO MY HOME IN KENTUCKY

It's a long, long way to my home in Kentucky,
Where the blue grass grows round the old cabin door;
It's a long, long way and I'll be might lucky
When I see my dear old Mammy once more.
So weep no more my lady, just brush those tears away
It's a long, long way to my home in Kentucky,
But I'm bound to get there some day.

122—WE'LL HAVE A JUBILEE IN MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

I've got a sneaky feeling 'round my heart
That I want to settle down,
I guess I'll pack my grip and take a trip
To a good old Southern town—
You can have your high-brow airs,
Just give me three good squares, with corn and 'lassus, served by Rastus.
I'll be tickled to death to know that I can stay right there
And I'll never care to roam,
Come along with me and have a jubilee
In my old Kentucky home.

123—MAMMY'S LITTLE COAL BLACK ROSE

You'd better dry your eyes my little Coal Black Rose,
You'd better go to sleep and let those eye-lids close.
'Cause you're dark, don't start a-pinin'.
You're a cloud with a silver linin'.
Though every old crow thinks h'es babe am white as snow
Your dear old mammy knows you're mighty like a rose.
And when the angels gave those kinky curls to you
They put a sunbeam in your disposition too, that's true,
And they just made you dark I s'pose
Cos' your heart's so white I guess dear
They's none left for the rest dear,
So don't you cry, don't you sigh
'Cause you're Mammy's little Coal Black Rose.

124—ARE YOU FROM DIXIE

Are you from Dixie, I said from Dixie,
Where the fields of cotton beckon to me;
I'm glad to see you, tell me how be you
And the friends I'm longing to see.
If you're from Alabama, Tennessee or Caroline,
Any place below the Mason-Dixon line,
Then you're from Dixie, hurrah for Dixie
Cause I'm from Dixie too.

125—OLD FOLKS AT HOME

All the world are sad and weary, every where I roam,
Oh! darkies how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

126—KENTUCKY BABE

Fly away, fly away, Kentucky Babe, fly away to rest,
Fly away, Lay yo' kinky, wooly head on yo' mammy's breast.
Um Um close yo' eyes in sleep.

127—CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where this old darky's heart am longed to go.

128—WHERE THE BLACK-EYED SUSANS GROW

I'm going back to a shack, where the Black-eyed Susans grow.
I love 'em so; They're all around on the ground where I found the one I knew so long ago.
The honey bees all know I'm comin', I seem to hear them softly hummin'
" Yoy'll be losin' your little Susan! You'd better be getting busy buzzing around."
To stroll again down the lane to the plain old rustic seat will be a treat,
And then I'll bring out the ring for the finger of my sweet—
She's mighty sweet, and when I'm tied to the pride of the countryside,
May-be I'll introduce you to my corn-fed bride,
When I come back from the shack where the Black eyed Susans grow.

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PART XI.—HOME SONGS

129—THE LITTLE HOUSE UPON THE HILL

There's a light that's burning in the window
Of a little house upon the hill,
And the light will burn, and a heart will yearn,
And it always will till I return.
For there's only one mother,
I know she's waiting still,
And she'll always keep the light a-burning
In the window of the house upon the hill.

130—LITTLE GRAY HOME OF THE WEST

When the golden sun sinks in the hills,
And the toil of a long day is o'er
Tho' the road may be long in the lilt of a song,
I forget I was weary before.
Far ahead where the blue shadows fall,
I shall come to contentment and rest,
And the toils of a day will be all charmed away,
In my little gray home of the West.

There are hands that will welcome me in
There are lips I am burning to kiss
There are two eyes that shine just because they are mine
And a thousand things other men miss
It's a corner of Heaven itself,
Tho' it's only a tumbled down nest,
But with love brooding there
Why no place can compare
With my little Grey Home in the West.

131—AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min' ?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And the days o' auld lang syne ?

Chorus

For auld lang syne, my dear
For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

132—THE SONG THE KETTLE IS SINGING

We have sung your song of Tipperary,
As we sat in the campfire's glow.
We have marched along to that well-known song
"Are we down-hearted—No."
And now we're singing "Keep the Home Fires burning."
But there's one song we miss o'er the foam,
That's the song the kettle is singing on the hob
In a dear little place called home.

133—THE TRAIL THAT LEADS TO HOME

There's a train that calls me homeward, night and day;
In my dreams the loved ones beckon, far away.
Through the shadows and the sunshine,
Someday I shall roam,
Down that long, long trail a-winding,
The trail that leads back to home.

134—I LOVE YOU CANADA

I love you Canada,
For you mean so much to me,
I love your hills and valleys,
And your stately Maple trees.
I love all your dear people,
Though far away I roam,
When I then speak of Canada,
I long for Home Sweet Home.

135—MOTHER

"M" is for the million things she gave me,
"O" means only that she's growing old,
"T" is for the tears she shed to save me,
"H" is for her heart of purest gold;
"E" is for her eyes, with love-light shining,
"R" means right, and right she'll always be,
Put them all together, they spell "Mother,"
A word that means the world to me.

136—THERE'S A LITTLE LANE WITHOUT A TURNING

There's a little lane without a turning
On the way to home sweet home,
There's a little mother always yearning
For the ones that long to roam—
There's a road that leads to strangers,
That's where friendship parts;
Another leads to dangers,
And it's paved with broken hearts.
Take a little lane without a turning
On the way to home sweet home.

137—THERE'S A LIGHT SHINING BRIGHT IN A WINDOW TO-NIGHT

There's a light shining bright in a window to-night
In a home across the sea;
There's a dear old mother thinks there is no other
Little boy in the world like me.
There's a grand old daddie, proud of his laddie
Doing his bit across the foam.
And I know they'll keep that light in the window bright
Until the boys come home.

138—IN AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN

There's an old-fashioned house in an old-fashioned street
In a quaint little old-fashioned town;
There's a street where the cobble stones harass the feet,
As it straggles up hill and then down;
And, though to and fro through the world I must go,
My heart while it beats in my breast,
Where e'er I may roam, to that old-fashioned home
Will fly back like a bird to its nest.

In that old-fashioned house in that old-fashioned street
Dwell a dear little old-fashioned pair,
I can see their two faces, so tender and sweet,
And I love ev'ry wrinkle that's there.
I love ev'ry mouse in that old-fashioned house,
In the street that runs up hill and down,
Each stone and each stick, ev'ry cobble and brick
In that quaint little old-fashioned town.

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PART XII.—ABIDE WITH ME

139—ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless,
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me! Amen.

140—ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all!

141—AT EVEN, ERE THE SUN WAS SET

At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around Thee lay;
O in what divers pains they met!
O with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,
Oppressed with various ills, draw near;
What if Thy form we cannot see,
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel:
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved Thee well,
And some have lost the love they had

And some are pressed with worldy care,
And some are tried with sinful doubt;
And some such grievous passions tear
That only Thou canst cast them out;

And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain,
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee.

And none, O Lord, have perfect rest,
For none are wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve Thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O Saviour Christ, Thou too art Man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide!

Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from Thee can fruitless fall:
Hear in this solemn evening hour
And in Thy mercy heal us all Amen.

142—LORD AND FATHER OF MANKIND

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
  Forgive our feverish ways!
Re-clothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
  In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard
  Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
  Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
  O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
  Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
  Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
  As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
  Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
  The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
  Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
  O still small voice of calm! Amen.

143—ETERNAL FATHER STRONG TO SAVE

Eternal Father! strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard,
And hushed their raging at Thy word,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Holy Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea!

O Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them whereso'er they go;
Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

144—FAITH OF OUR FATHERS

Faith of our fathers! living still,
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword,
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife,
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

145—FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

Run the straight race through God's good grace:
Lift up thine eyes and seek His face.
Life with its path before us lies,
Christ is the way and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside lean on Thy Guide:
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and thy trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear;
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

146—GLORY SONG

When all my labours and trials are o'er,
And I am safe on that beautiful shore,
Just to be near the dear Lord I adore,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Chorus

Oh, that will be . . . glory for me, . . . glory for me, . . .glory for me . . .
When by His grace I shall look on His face
That will be glory, be glory for me!

When by the gift of his infinite grace
I am accorded in heaven a place,
Just to be there and to look on His face
Will through the ages be glory for me.

Friends will be there I have loved long ago;
Joy like a river around me will flow;
Yet just a smile from my Saviour, I know,
Will through the ages be glory for me.

147—GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU

Be not dismayed whate'er betide,
God will take care of you!
Beneath His wings of love abide,
God will take care of you!

Chorus

God will take care of you,
Through every day, o'er all the way;
He will take care of you;
God will take care of you!

Through days of toil when heart doth fail,
God will take care of you!
When dangers fierce your path assail,
God will take care of you!

All you may need He will provide,
God will take care of you!
Trust Him, and you will be satisfied,
God will take care of you!

Lonely or sad, from friends apart,
God will take care of you!
He will give peace to your aching heart
God will take care of you!

No matter what may be the test,
God will take care of you!
Lean, weary one, upon His breast,
God will take care of you!

148—HE WILL HOLD ME FAST

When I fear my faith will fail,
Christ can hold me fast;
When the tempter would prevail,
He can hold me fast.

Chorus

He will hold me fast,
He will hold me fast;
For my Saviour loves me so,
He will hold me fast.

I could never keep my hold,
He must hold me fast:
For my love is often cold,
He must hold me fast.

I am precious in His sight,
He will hold me fast;
Those He saves are His delight,
He will hold me fast.

He'll not let my soul be lost,
Christ will hold me fast;
Bought by Him at such a cost,
He will hold me fast.

149—HE LIFTED ME

In loving kindness Jesus came
My soul in mercy to reclaim,
And from the depths of sin and shame
Through grace He lifted me.

Chorus

From sinking sand He lifted me;
With tender hand He lifted me;
From shades of night to plains of light,
Oh, praise His name, He lifted me!

He called me long before I heard,
Before my sinful heart was stirred;
But when I took him at his word,
Forgiven He lifted me.

His brow was pierced with many a thorn,
His hands by cruel nails were torn,
When from my guilt and grief, forlorn,
In love He lifted me.

Now on a higher plane I dwell,
And with my soul I know 'tis well;
Yet how or why, I cannot tell,
He should have lifted me.

150—HOLD THE FORT

Ho, my comrades! see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

"Hold the fort, for I am coming!"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By Thy grace we will!"

See the mighty host advancing,
Satan leading on:
Mighty men around us falling,
Courage almost gone!

See the glorious banner waving!
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe!

Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great Commander;
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

151—I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR

I need Thee every hour, most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine can peace afford.
I need Thee, oh, I need Thee; every hour I need Thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour! I come to Thee.

I need Thee every hour, stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power when Thou art nigh.

I need Thee every hour, in joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide, or life is vain.

I need Thee every hour; teach me Thy will;
And Thy rich promises in me fulfil.

I need Thee every hour, most Holy One:
Oh, make me Thine indeed, Thou blessed Son.

152—LEAD KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on:
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride rules my will—remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

153—NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE

Nearer, my God, to Thee! nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross that raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, to Thee!

Though, like the wanderer, the sun gone down,
Darkness be over me, my rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God ,to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear steps unto heav'n;
All that Thou sendest me in mercy given:
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot, upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be—
Nearer, my God, to Thee
Nearer to Thee!

154—O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

155—O, LOVE THAT WILL NOT LET ME GO

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That, in Thy sunshine blaze, its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be. Amen.

156—SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME WE RAISE

Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise,
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy name.

Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.

157—SHADOWS

When we cross the valley there need be no shadows,
When life's day is ended and its sorrows o'er;
When the summons comes to meet the blessed Saviour,
When we rise to dwell with Him for evermore.

Shadows! no need of shadows!
When at last we lay life's burdens down;
Shadows! no need of shadows!
When at last we gain the victor's crown.

When our loved ones leave us there need be no shadows
If their faith is fixed in Jesus as their Lord:
For they go to be with Jesus, their Redeemer,
To be with the One whom they have long adored.

When he comes to meet us there need be no shadows.
When He comes in all His glorious array;
When the trump of God shall sound and loved ones waken,
When He leads us onward with triumphant sway.

158—SOLDIERS OF CHRIST ARISE!

Soldiers of Christ! arise
And put your armor on!
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son;

Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power:
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

To keep your armor bright
Attend with constant care,
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day;—

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand complete at last. Amen.

159—THE DAY THOU GAVEST

The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended;
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

The sun, that bids us rest, is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

So be it, Lord! Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy Kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

160—WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKY

When morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Alike at work and prayer
To Jesus I repair:
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Whene'er the sweet church bell
Peals over hill and dell,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
O hark to what it sings,
As joyously it rings,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Does sadness fill my mind?
A solace here I find,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Or fades my earthly bliss?
My comfort still is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
The powers of darkness fear
When this sweet chant they hear,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

To God, the Word, on high,
The host of angels cry,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let mortals, too, upraise
Their voice in hymns of praise;
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Let earth's wide circle round
In joyful notes resound,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Let air and sea and sky,
From depth to height, reply,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'

Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!'
Be this the eternal song
Through all the ages on,
'May Jesus Christ be praised!' Amen.

161—WHEN PEACE LIKE A RIVER

When peace like a river attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say:
'It is well, it is well with my soul!'

Chorus

It is well . . . with my soul! . . .
It is well, it is well with my soul!

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul!

My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!—
My sin, not in part, but the whole,
Is nail'd to His cross, and I bear it no more:
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

162—WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER

When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks eternal bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

Chorus

When the roll . . . is called up yon . . . der,
When the roll . . . is called up yon . . . der,
When the roll . . . is called up yon . . . der,
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share;
When His chosen ones shall gather to their home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there

Let me labour for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let me talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of life is over, and my work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

163—WHO COULD IT BE?

Somebody came and lifted me
Out of my sin and misery;
Somebody came, oh, who could it be,
Who could it be but Jesus?

Chorus

Who could it be, oh, who could it be,
Who could it be but Jesus?
Who could it be, oh, who could it be,
Who could it be but Jesus?

Somebody bent so tenderly,
Pleading so long and patiently;
Somebody came, oh, who could it be,
Who could it be but Jesus?

Somebody whispered sweet and low,
Telling me just the way to go;
Somebody spoke—I listened, and lo!
Who could it be but Jesus?

Somebody holds my hand each day,
Guiding my feet lest I should stray;
Walking with Him, how blessed the way!
Who can it be but Jesus!

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